

made the seamen in his employ promise to be silent. He made them some presents in money and the find remained a secret for nearly three months. Recently one of the seamen, having quarreled with the master, betrayed the secret to the Greek government, and the latter compelled him to produce the coins. They date back to the days of ancient Macedonia, and are in an excellent state of preservation, showing the bust of Alexander the Great, holding in one hand a scepter and in the other a bird, seemingly a falcon. The coins have been turned over to the museum at Athens.

Speaking of recent wonderful discoveries, THE HOME JOURNAL feels pleasure in announcing that it is in a position to-day to claim credit for having unearthed one of the greatest mysteries of the age. Some years ago, there appeared in a Cincinnati newspaper a poem entitled "Beautiful Snow." It was claimed that the manuscript was found in the pocket of a dead woman, but the identity of the authorship was enveloped in mystery. Chicago newspaper men claimed that it was from the pen of a reporter on a Windy City daily. Of course St. Louis sneered at the possibility of a Chicago newspaper man possessing enough poetic fire to write such a poem, and was willing to wager any amount of money that the author was a St. Louis man. The citizens of Cincinnati considered it the acme of impertinence for either Chicago or St. Louis to claim the residence of the author. New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Cleveland in their turn took a hand in the fight, but the authorship still remained an impenetrable mystery. Eventually the matter was compromised by the newspapers of each city agreeing to republish the poem on the day following the first fall of snow each succeeding year. Now, it is Victoria's turn to laugh at her big brothers on the American side. Mary Thain, a resident of Victoria, unsolicited, also unblushingly, comes forward and acknowledges that she is responsible for the poem, and she qualifies her contention by pointing out that last winter Victoria was visited by a big snow storm, and that inspired by the scene of the earth mantled in its pure white covering, she invoked the muse and wrote "Beautiful Snow." It is quite possible that Mary wrote the poem, but scoffers may point out the inconsistency of the original copy being published thirty years ago or more and Mary's contention that she wrote it last winter, and "that it is about herself." No one will question that there is something in the poem which reminds them of Mary, but doubters will again remark that the heroine of the poem expressed contrition for her evil ways. For myself, I am perfectly satisfied that Mary Thain wrote "Beautiful Snow" during the snowstorm last winter, but she will have to substantiate her claim with the affidavits of at least six reputable witnesses before I hand over five dollars in payment thereof, as she requests.

There no longer appears to be any good reason why the World's Fair should be a failure. Hon. Marmaduke Wood has condescended to visit the great exhibition, and, no doubt, at great inconvenience to

himself and his "business," will spend the summer, or as long as he and the landlord can agree as to terms, at The Wellington, a strictly first-class European hotel, situated at the corner of Wabash Avenue and Jackson street. Marmie writes that he has met many of his old companions in the great city by the lake. A great friend of his is Wentworth Paul, who is running the English coaches. The English military tournament is attracting considerable attention; the officers have a "mess," and naturally Marmie is cultivating their acquaintance. The Duke of Veragua was feasted like a king in Chicago, although the King of the Victoria dance halls expresses his firm belief that the Duke is not any more related to Columbus than he. However, Marmie remarks, "it is great fun to see the d—d Americans bowing and scraping to him." The Hon. Marmaduke sends his regards to all his old Victoria friends, be they creditors or not.

I learn that Sunday evening sacred concerts will be a feature of The Victoria in future. Already the manager has arranged for the best musical talent—instrumental and vocal—to be secured on the coast. Among those who will take part in the first concert will be Miss Montelth, Miss Dawson and Mr. Victor Austin. Besides these, there will be an orchestra of eleven pieces, which will confine itself exclusively to sacred numbers. These concerts will begin immediately after the regular services in the different houses of worship, so all will have an opportunity of attending without having to forego their regular Sunday evening devotions. I understand that the clergy of the leading denominations favor the idea, and will do all in their power to ensure success. A trifling admission fee will be charged.

The Sons of Erin will celebrate Dominion Day with a picnic at the Caledonian grounds. The arrangements for this event are already under way, and the prospects are that Canada's national holiday will be observed in Victoria as it has never been heretofore in any city of the province. The event, I am informed, will include many Irish sports, and, in the evening, the devotees of the Terpsichorean art will be given an opportunity of tripping the light fantastic to the best music in the market. Irish dances will be a feature, and I am sure not an uninteresting one. Of course every Irishman will put his best foot forward on the occasion and exert all his energy to make the event successful in every respect.

The continuation of Fort street into the city from Cadboro Bay, Mount Tolmie and Oak Bay roads is probably the most important artery of trade into town. In fact, the people living on the above mentioned roads have no other way of getting into the city. It is, therefore, a matter of much moment to keep this street in a passable condition. But such is not the case. From the head of Yates street to the Jubilee Hospital, Fort street is positively dangerous, especially, as frequently happens, when there are two electric cars at Oak Bay junction. Then with the car rails projecting above the road bed and an immense city quarry in the street, a

driver may be compared to a rat in a trap. Many serious accidents have been narrowly escaped, and one or two have occurred on this narrow, ill-lighted and obstructed street. Let both the city authorities and the tramway company do their share in remedying this matter before some one is killed. It is a fact that people going home at night drive a mile or more round about to avoid Fort street.

I have received many letters encouraging me in advocating a Pacific coast convention, composed of delegates from the principal cities and towns along the coast to discuss trade matters between Canada and the United States. The failure of the reciprocity negotiations between Canada and the United States in 1891, was due to the fact that Mr. Blaine insisted upon the broadest kind of reciprocity, which would have made the two countries one, commercially, while the Canadian authorities would go no farther than the free exchange of natural products. Until the broad reciprocity idea materializes small advantage will accrue to either country by any limited system of exchange. But it would be wise, I believe, for the representative commercial men of Canada and the United States to meet and discuss the whole matter. A gentleman from Portland writes, suggesting that city as the point at which the convention should be held.

It is wonderful to me the ingratitude of some men. I heard an old stiff the other day "cussing" His Honor Macneil, who when he was hungry had fed him, and when naked had clothed him, and when thirsty had given—no I must draw the line there. But His Honor bears these men no malice, the worse they are the more his loving kindness. I have known him myself keep a man for over six months who had been out of work nearly all his life. It puts me in mind of a story I heard once. An old vag complained he could never get justice in a certain court, to which His Worship replied, "Yes you are quite right, but you must blame the law for that. It only allows me to give you six months, but I assure you I would hang you with pleasure if I could."

I must congratulate the authorities for the energy they display in getting rid of ownerless dogs, for, in going down town the other morning looking for work, I met about four hundred of them. One of the number informed me they were just returning from the funeral of a deceased relation that had been ruthlessly murdered by city officials.

PERE GRINATOR.

DR. DANFORTH says that he has a dozen cases of gout in Chicago and he is sorry to say that some patients show a kind of pride in the affliction. It is so English. There is no doubt about the genuineness of the symptoms. The fierce, savage, torturing pain comes in the big toe during the very early morning hours, just as it does in England. Happy 400!